BUCKY and TORO in

YOUNG ALLIES

NO. 16

10¢

SUMMER ISSUE COMIC

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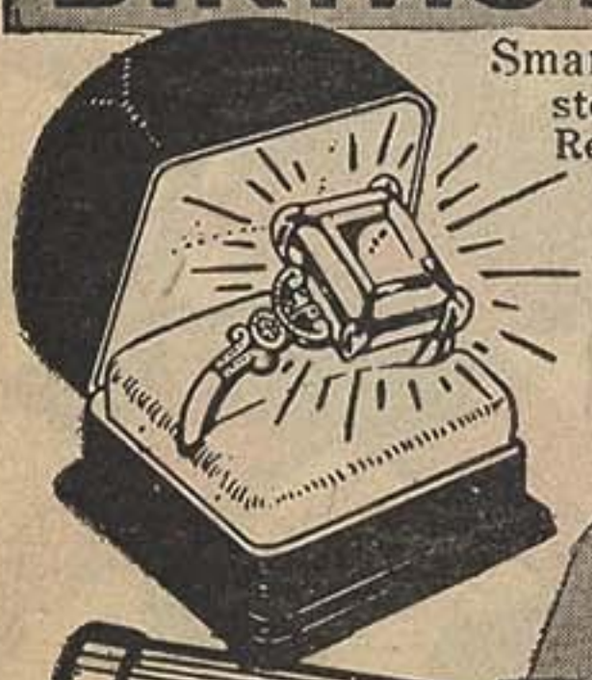

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The YOUNG ALLIES

CHAPTER I

ONLY THE CRUEL, DEPRAVED JAP MIND, COULD CONCEIVE THE HORRIBLE NEW WEAPON OF SABOTAGE THAT STUMPS THE GALLANT AMERICAN TROOPS IN THEIR PACIFIC MARCH ON TOKYO! THAT IS, UNTIL THE FAMOUS **YOUNG ALLIES** MATCH THEIR BLAZING COURAGE AND YANKEE RESOURCEFULNESS AGAINST THE FANATICAL MURDEROUS PLAN OF

The MAD PRINCE SHINTO and his SUICIDE BATTALION!

OUR STORY OPENS ON ONE OF THE IMPORTANT PACIFIC ISLANDS RECAPTURED FROM THE JAPS! ALL BUT A FRACTION OF THE ENEMY TROOPS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED! A TINY AREA OF BEACH IS ALL THAT IS LEFT TO THE JAP SURVIVORS AND HERE, DURING THE DARK HOURS PRECEDING DAWN, WE SEE A NIPPONESE COMMANDER WELCOMING A GREAT HULKING FIGURE, WHO SWAM ASHORE FROM ONE OF THREE ENEMY SUBS, LYING OFF SHORE!!!

ISS GREAT HONOR! WE FEARED YOUR EXCELLENCY WOULD ARRIVE TOO LATE!

PRINCE SHINTO NEVER FAILS!

I CAME ASHORE FIRST, TO BE ASSURED YOU HELD BEACH AS PLANNED! HATED ENEMY DETECTED AND SANK TWO OF SUBMARINES! HAVE SIGNALLED OTHERS! REMAINDER OF MY BATTALION SWIM ASHORE AT THIS MOMENT!

YOU WILL FIGHT A DELAYING ACTION TO ENABLE MY BATTALION TO INFILTRATE BEHIND CONTEMPTIBLE ENEMY LINES!

BANZAI! WE FIGHT TO THE DEATH!

SOME DAYS LATER...

GOOD WORK, MAJOR! YOUR MEN DID A SWELL JOB!

THANKS! I'M PROUD OF MY BOYS!

SUDDENLY!

...AND THE NEXT NIGHT...

HMM... THERE ISN'T A NIP LEFT ON THE ISLAND! IT MUST BE THE NATIVES!

IMPOSSIBLE! THERE ALL ON OUR SIDE! HELPED US WHEN WE INVADED!

WHAT GETS ME IS HOW THEY VANISH WITHOUT LEAVING A TRACE!

COLONEL! SIR.....

IT'S FROM THE C.O.! HE'S FLYING HERE! THE SABOTEURS HAVE STRUCK ALL OVER THE ISLAND! SHIP, DOCKS, SUPPLY DUMPS! AND MEN!

LATER THAT DAY...

WE HAVE NEWS, SIR! WE CAUGHT ONE OF THE JAP SABOTEURS!

GOOD WORK! PERHAPS NOW WE CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THE BUSINESS!

WELL, SIR... I THINK I COULD BEST EXPLAIN BY SHOWING YOU!

WHY SO GLUM? ONE WOULD THINK YOU'D BE ELATED OVER THE NEWS!

GOOD GRIEF! WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT GROUP OF PLANES?

IT WAS THE COMPANION OF THE SABOTEUR WE CAUGHT, SIR! BLEW HIMSELF AND THE PLANES TO PIECES!

WHAT? THIS CAN'T BE THE ONE YOU CAUGHT! IT'S A JAP KID! A BABY! NOT MORE THAN TEN YEARS OLD!

SO WAS THE OTHER WHO BLEW HIMSELF UP!

THIS ONE WAS SHOT BEFORE HE COULD SET OFF THE DYNAMITE BELTED AROUND HIS BODY!

ONLY THE JAPS COULD DO SUCH A THING! IMAGINE USING KIDS! BABIES IN WAR!

EXACTLY, SIR! A CLEVER PSYCHOLOGICAL PLOT THAT PUTS US IN ONE OF THE TOUGHEST SPOTS EVER CONFRONTED BY A FIGHTING MAN!

HOW DO YOU MEAN?

IT'S OUR MEN, SIR! THEY'LL FACE ANY ODDS IN WAR, BUT BALK AT KILLING KIDS!

IT IS A PROBLEM! WITH THESE FANATICAL JAP KIDS REFUSING TO BE CAPTURED ALIVE!

I THINK I HAVE THE SOLUTION! YOU KNOW, FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE!

I HAVE THE SAME IDEA, SIR! YOU MEAN TO SEND FOR THE YOUNG ALLIES!

IT'LL TAKE DAYS FOR THEM TO FLY HERE FROM THE STATES, THOUGH!

THE BOYS ARE IN AUSTRALIA WAITING TO BE SHIPPED HOME, SIR! THEY'VE JUST FINISHED A MISSION FOR GENERAL MACARTHUR!

..AND SO THE NEXT DAY, A PLANE LANDS AT THE ISLAND BEARING THE SIX YOUNG ALLIES...

LATER IN THE COLONEL'S OFFICE....

A VERY GOOD POINT, BUCKY! I, TOO BELIEVE THAT THE SUICIDAL JAP KIDS ARE BEING DIRECTED BY AN ADULT MIND!

AND IT'S THIS RAT, I MEAN NIP WE GOTTA GET!

AND THIS IS HOW WE FIGURE TO DO IT, SIR!

WELL, I'LL BE...! HERE I GO TO ALL LENGTHS TO KEEP YOUR COMING A SECRET AND YOU WANT IT DELIBERATELY BROADCAST!

THAT'S THE IDEA, SIR!

IT'LL TAKE TOO LONG TO FIND OUT WHERE THE LEADER AND HIS BABY KILLERS ARE HOLED UPON THE ISLAND!

SURE! SO WE MAKE HIM TELL US BY INVITING CAPTURE!

DEPENDING ON THE FACT THAT NO MATTER HOW FRIENDLY THE NATIVES ARE, THERE'S ALWAYS A TRAITOR AMONG THEM, THE BOYS SET OUT THE NEXT DAY TOWARD THE WILD JUNGLE HILLS, WHERE THE BABY BATTALION IS THOUGHT TO HIDEOUT!

MEANWHILE, TRUE TO THE BOYS' CALCULATION, A TRAITOR CONTACTS SHINTO'S BABY SPIES AND IS TAKEN TO THEIR HIDEOUT .....

MERCY! SPARE ME! I HAVE BROUGHT YOU NEWS OF THEIR COMING! WHY DO YOU KILL ME? EEEAHHHG!

YOU HAVE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE, STUPID ONE! NONE MUST REMAIN ALIVE WHO KNOW OF OUR WHEREABOUTS!

YOUNG ALLIES

CHAPTER II
"AMBUSH of DEATH"

THE YOUNG ALLIES? THEY ARE DANGEROUS! ESPECIALLY THE FLAMING ONE KNOWN AS TORO! YOU MUST CONCENTRATE ALL YOUR FIRE ON HIM ON SIGHT, BEFORE HE CAN FLAME! THE OTHERS ARE TO BE CAPTURED ALIVE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER---

EXCELLENCY! OTHER HONORABLE UNITS! GUNS TRAINED ON APPROACHING YANKEE PIGS! WILL CHARGE TO CAPTURE OTHER FIVE! MOMENT DETESTIBLE TORO FALLS!

IS GOOD! OPEN FIRE WHEN I SIGNAL!

SUDDENLY THE HILLS ECHO BACK A MURDEROUS CROSS-FIRE THAT RIDDLES THE FIGURE OF TORO! AND SCREAMING LIKE MAD SAVAGES, THE "BABY" JAPS PLUNGE DOWN, DETERMINED TO CAPTURE THE REMAINING FIVE ALLIES ALIVE!

A FEW BRIEF MOMENTS OF FIERCE RESISTANCE BY THE FIVE COURAGEOUS COMPANIONS OF TORO--- AND PRINCE SHINTO'S BABY KILLERS TRIUMPHANTLY MARCH THEIR CAPTIVES TOWARD THE WAITING LEADER! OTHERS BEAR THE BULLET RIDDLED BODY OF TORO-----

HA HA! AGAIN PRINCE SHINTO TRIUMPHS! STUPID AMERICANS THINK TO MATCH WITS WITH MY CLEVERNESS! I WILL TORTURE INFORMATION OUT OF YOUNG ALLIED DEVILS AND THEN KILL THEM!

THE MURDEROUS GLOATING LAUGH CHANGES TO SNARLING SURPRISE AS PRINCE SHINTO GAZES DOWN ON THE SUPPOSEDLY DEAD BODY OF TORO!

BY THE SEVEN PILLARS OF SHOGUN! **THIS IS NOT THE FLAMING ONE!** IT IS A YOUNG NATIVE DOG MASQUERADING AS TORO!

THEY **AREN'T** THE ALLIES, UNWORTHY STUPID FOOLS! YOU'VE ALLOWED YOURSELVES TO BE TRICKED!

MEANWHILE, IN THE JUNGLE, THE YOUNG ALLIES, HEARTBROKEN OVER THE TRAGIC RESULT OF THE MASQUERADE, WATCH THE FIVE NATIVE BOYS BEING LED AWAY!

IT'S MY FAULT! I'M GOING TO SAVE THEM!

EASY, TORO! WE'RE ALL TO BLAME!

WE DIDN'T FIGURE ON DEM MOIDERIN' WORMS KILLIN' DAT POOR KID!

THOSE NATIVE KIDS VOLUNTEERED! THEY KNEW THE DANGER!

THEY SAID THEY WERE READY TO DIE TO HELP FREE THEIR ISLANDS!

WE AIN'T GONNA LET 'EM DIE, NOT IF THIS HEAH BOY CAN HELP IT!

WHITEWASH IS RIGHT! WE CAN'T LET 'EM MURDER THOSE OTHER FIVE KIDS!

OF COURSE WE WON'T! BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN IF WE MAKE THE WRONG MOVE!

OUR MISSION COMES FIRST! IT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN OUR OWN SAFETY --- OR THE LIVES OF THOSE FIVE COURAGEOUS NATIVES! ALL OF US ARE SOLDIERS FIGHTING IN A GREAT WAR! NOW LET'S GET INTO A HUDDLE AND PLAN OUR NEXT MOVE!

A SHORT CONFAB AND A PLAN IS SET IN MOTION---

DON'T TRY ANYTHING YOURSELF, TORO! YOUR JOB IS TO LOCATE THEIR HIDEOUT!

RIGHT! YOU GUYS START MOVING!

ONLY MINUTES LATER, THANKS TO HIS FLAMING SPEED, AN EXCITED TORO LANDS AMONG THE OTHER ALLIES PLODDING UP THE JUNGLE SLOPE ON SHINTO'S TRAIL!

THE HIDEOUT IS ABOUT TWO MILES AWAY ON TOP OF THE NEXT HILL! THEY HAVE SENTRIES POSTED ALL ALONG! I SPOTTED THEM WITHOUT THEM SEEING ME!

THERE GOES TORO! WE'LL LEAD THE WAY! YOU THREE KEEP US IN SIGHT WITHOUT BEING SEEN YOURSELVES!

I STILL THINK TWO OF US OUGHT TO GO FIRST!

DAS RIGHT! AH'LL GO!

ME TOO! THOSE NIPS WILL MURDER YOU AND KNUCKS LIKE---THAT---NATIVE KID!

PIPE DOWN, YOUSE! DAT'S THE CHANCE WE HAFTA TAKE!

HALF WAY TO SHINTO'S LAIR---

IS REAL ALLIES! SHOOT AT COUNT OF THREE!

NO---HOLD! IS ONLY TWO OF HATED ENEMY!

HONORABLE PRINCE WARNED US, DETESTABLE YANKEE WILL TRY FILTHY TRICK! I GO BACK TO CAMP TO INFORM! YOU SIGNAL OTHER SENTRY GROUP AND CAPTURE DECADENT AMERICAN YOUTHS!

ACTING A PART, BUCKY AND KNUCKLES OBEY THE SHOUTED ORDER AS THE TRAP IS SPRUNG!

SURRENDER! OR YOU DIE!

WHEW! GLAD DEY DIDN'T START POPPIN' US!

WATCH MY SIGNAL! I'LL GIVE THE OTHERS A CHANCE TO COME UP!

A QUICK EXCHANGE OF WHISPERS AS THE JAPS CLOSE IN!

YOUNG ALLIES

CHAPTER III

The FLAMING AVENGER!

AS THE JAPS COME UP TO BUCKY AND KNUCKLES THEY ARE SUDDENLY MET BY A QUICK ATTACK! AND SHOUTING THEIR BATTLE CRY.... TUBBY, WHITEWASH AND JEFF CHARGE INTO THE FRAY!

YAHOOO!

SURPRISE!

AIEEEE!

A FEW HECTIC MINUTES OF FURIOUS FIGHTING--- NOT A JAP STANDS ON HIS FEET, AND THE BOYS TAKE STOCK BEFORE RESUMING THEIR MARCH!

NONE OF THE SURVIVORS GOT AWAY TOWARD CAMP TO WARN THE OTHERS! OUR JOB NOW IS TO TRY AND FREE THOSE FIVE NATIVE KIDS BEFORE TORO'S JOB IS ACCOMPLISHED! LET'S GO!

CAUTIOUSLY MAKING THEIR WAY WITHOUT ENCOUNTERING THE ENEMY, THE ALLIES REACH SHINTO'S CAMP AND AFTER A CLOSE SCRUTINY FROM A POINT OVERLOOKING THE JAP CAMP....

DE JOINT IS DESOITED!

SOMEBODY WARNED THEM!

LOOK! THE FIVE NATIVE KIDS!

QUICKLY, THE YOUNG ALLIES RUSH DOWN TO THE PIT TO FREE THE FIVE FILIPINO BOYS!

DYNAMITE! TONS OF IT!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE? YOU AND KNUCKS WERE TO STAND GUARD ON TOP!

SUDDENLY A SPINE-CHILLING LAUGH ECHOES DOWN INTO THE PIT----

HA-HA-HA! HOW CONVENIENT! MY HATED ENEMIES ON A KEG OF DYNAMITE! AS YOUR IDIOTIC AMERICAN EXPRESSIONS HAS IT! HA-HA-HA-HA!

WITH BUCKY AND HIS PALS FRUSTRATED IN THEIR DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO RESCUE THE FIVE NATIVE BOYS AND PRISONERS OF THE BRUTAL PRINCE SHINTO, IN THE PIT LOADED WITH TONS OF EXPLOSIVE, WE RETURN TO TORO! WE SEE HIM WITH THE C.O. AT THE AIRBASE WHERE A FLEET OF AMERICAN BOMBERS ARE READYING FOR A TAKEOFF!

I HATE KILLING KIDS! BUT--- THEY ARE A DANGEROUS ENEMY AND MUST BE DESTROYED! WE WILL BLAST EVERY INCH OF THAT JAP CAMP!

BE SURE YOU AND YOUR PALS ARE OUT OF THAT CAMP BEFORE THE BOMBERS COME!

THANKS, GENERAL, SO LONG!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE PIT, THE ALERT BUCKY COUNTERS SHINTO'S COMMAND TO SURRENDER WITH A DESPERATE MOVE...

NEVER! YOU'RE BARKING DOWN THE WRONG PIT, RAT! ONE SHOT AND WE DIE! BUT YOU AND YOUR BABY BATTALION DIE WITH US!

DYNAMITE

YOU ARE STUPID TO THINK TO ACCOMPLISH YOUR MISSION THAT WAY! THIS IS ONLY PART OF MY BATTALION! THE OTHERS ARE AT A SAFE DISTANCE PREPARED TO CARRY ON MY SABOTAGE PLAN EVEN IF I AM KILLED!

A WHISPERED ARGUMENT FOLLOWS SHINTO'S REPLY...

HE'S RIGHT, BUCKY!

BESIDES, TORO WILL BE BACK ANY MOMENT!

THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE WHILE WE'RE ALIVE!

AGAINST HIS BETTER JUDGEMENT, HE IS PREVAILED UPON BY THE OTHERS TO SURRENDER...

OKAY, WE SURRENDER!

A WISE MOVE... THE MASKED ONE WILL COME UP FIRST!

BUT AS THE ALLIES START TO CLIMB OUT...

I KNEW IT! IT WAS A TRICK!

HA-HA-HA! YES, ONE OF YOUR FAMOUS YANKEE BLUFFS! COME, I WANT YOU!

HA! SOME OF MY BATTALIAN WILL STAY BEHIND WITH ORDERS TO FIRE INTO THE EXPLOSIVES AFTER WE ARE AT A SAFE DISTANCE! AND OTHERS SHALL TAKE DYNAMITE AND BLOW UP REMAINING AMERICAN INSTALLATIONS ON THIS ISLAND!

YOU DIRTY MURDERER!

T.N.T.

DYNAMITE

T.N.T.

UNKNOWN TO FRIEND OR FOE ALIKE, TORO HAS ARRIVED IN TIME TO OVERHEAR THE LOUD BOOMING TONE OF PRINCESS SHINTO BOASTING OF HIS CRUEL PLANS!

WHAT A SPOT! THE JAPS GETTING AWAY AND THOSE GUARDS WILL EXPLODE THE DYNAMITE BEFORE I CAN ---- HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

THE BOMBERS! I HAVE NO CHOICE! THEY'LL BE BLASTING THE JAP LAMP IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES!

HOORAY! THEY'VE HEARD THE PLANES TOO AND ARE OFF GUARD! THIS IS MY CHANCE!

TIMING HIS DIVE, TORO SUDDENLY SWERVES, FASHIONING A LIGHTNING FAST FIERY BARRIER BETWEEN THE GUARDS AND THE BOYS IN THE PIT!

IT'S TORO! COME ON, FELLAS!

YAHOO! IT WORKED! I DROVE THEM BACK BEFORE THEY COULD FIRE DOWN INTO THE EXPLOSIVE!

EEEAGGH!

GET GOING! OUR BOMBERS WILL BLOW THIS CAMP TO BITS IN SECONDS FLAT! I'M GOING AFTER THAT OVERGROWN PRINCE!

FROM THE SAFETY OF ANOTHER HILL, A GLOATING PRINCE SHINTO HALTS HIS BABY BATTALION TO WATCH THE AMERICAN BOMBERS BLOW HIS CAMP APART!

HA, HA! EXCELLENT! THE WORTHLESS YANKEE BOMBERS KILL YOUNG ALLIES UNDER IMPRESSION THEY KILL US!

OWW!

SEZ YOU, RAT! THE OTHER KIDS GOT OUT OF CAMP IN PLENTY OF TIME! AND HERE'S A SOUVENIR FROM THE SIXTH!

SUDDENLY, BULLETS FROM THE FRENZIED, WILD SHOOTING PRINCE, PLOWS INTO THE DYNAMITE BEING CARRIED BY ONE OF HIS BATTALION!

DYNAMITE

SHOOT HIM! HE CAN'T DODGE OUR BULLETS FOREVER!

THE BULLETS EXPLODE THE DYNAMITE LADEN BELT, AND WITH A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION, PRINCE SHINTO AND THE REMAINDER OF HIS BABY DEATH BATTALION ARE BLOWN TO BITS!

OOPS! CONCUSSION ALMOST GOT ME! UGH! THAT'S THE END OF PRINCE SHINTO AND HIS MOB!

DAYS LATER...

THANKS A LOT, GENERAL! THE YOUNG ALLIES REALLY DON'T DESERVE THIS!

(GULP) WE WANT YOU TO GIVE IT TO THE MOTHER OF THE NATIVE BOY WHO SACRIFICED HIS LIFE FOR US!

THE END

TOMMY TYME

AND HIS WONDERFUL CLOCK of the AGES

IN THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS!

TOMMY TYME THROUGH HIS WONDER CLOCK OF AGES, VISITS OLYMPUS, HOME OF THE GODS TO WITNESS THE GREATEST WRESTLING BOUT OF ALL TIME . . . .

TOMMY'S CLASS GOES TO THE MUSEUM OF ART . . .

PERHAPS THE GREATEST EXPLOIT OF HERCULES WAS HIS WRESTLING MATCH WITH ANTAEUS, THE GIANT! HERCULES ALMOST FAILED AND ONLY THROUGH THE KNOWLEDGE--

BOY! LOOK AT HIS MUSCLES! BETCHA HE'D BE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP IF HE WUZ LIVIN'!

AW! HE WOULDN'T LAST THREE ROUNDS WITH DEMPSEY OR LOUIS!

JEEPERS! SURE WOULD LIKE TO SEE DIS HERCULES IN ACTION!

ME TOO! BET THAT BATTLE WAS A HUMDINGER! COME ON, TOMMY, WE'LL LOSE THE OTHERS!

GEEZ! AM I DUMB! HERE AM I WISHIN' FER SUMPIN' RIGHT IN ME MITS! LET'S GO CLOCK! I'M GITTIN' ME A RINGSIDE SEAT!

1000 BC

1000 AD

A FEW TWISTS OF THE DIALS OF HIS WONDERFUL CLOCK OF AGES AND TOMMY FINDS HIMSELF IN THE ANCIENT LAND OF PYRHUSS WHERE TWO SADDENED PROCESSIONS WIND TO AND FROM A CAVE . .

EXCUSE ME, GRANDPA! WHY DE SOB STUFF? WHAT'S COOKIN'?

COOKING? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT MANNER OF STRANGE SPEECH IS YOURS?

(GULP) JEEPS DIS GUY LOOKS AS IF HE WENT THRU A MEAT GRINDER!

HE AND HIS BROTHERS WERE SLAIN BY ANTAEUS! SCORES OF OUR BRAVEST MEN HAVE DIED IN A VAIN EFFORT TO FREE US FROM HIS BONDAGE!

YOU MEAN TO SAY, YER ALL SLAVES OF DAT GIANT MUG?

ALAS, YES! UNTIL SUCH TIME AS A CHAMPION SHALL FREE US BY CONQUERING HIM IN A WRESTLING MATCH!

WHERE ARE DEM YOUNG GOILS WID DERE HANDS TIED, GOIN'?

THEY ARE SACRIFICES DEMANDED BY THE GIANT! A SCORE FOR EACH WARRIOR WHO FAILS TO OVERCOME HIM!

SACRIFICES, HUH? **NOT WHILE I'M AROUND!** I'LL SETTLE DAT BIG PALOOKA'S HASH! BUT GOOD!

NAY! YOU WILL BE SLAIN!

WITH NEVER A THOUGHT OF THE HOPELESS DIFFERENCE IN SIZE, THE COURAGES TOMMY CHANCES THE GIANT..

HO-HO! FORTY MORE FAIR MAIDS FOR INVINCIBLE ANTAEUS! YOW--MY EYE!

DROP DE OTHER DAME OR DE OTHER PEEPER GETS CLOSED, BUB!

AS TOMMY TRIES TO HELP THE FALLEN MAID TO HER FEET; A GIANT HAND SCOOPS HIM INTO THE AIR..

HO! HO! WHAT IS THIS?

PUT ME DOWN! YA OVER STUFFED HUNK O'LARD! OUCH! YER HURTIN' ME!

OOFF! OUCH!

JUST AS ANTAEUS IS A-BOUT TO CRUSH TOMMY, A ROAR WELLS UP FROM THE THROATS OF THE WATCHERS..

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

YOW! DIS OUGHTA BE QUITE A SHINDIG! I'M GITTIN' ME A BOX SEAT!

WITH A SHOCK THAT MAKES THE EARTH TREMBLE, THE TWO MIGHTY GIANTS CLOSE IN COMBAT . . .

YIPPEE! ATTA HERK! IT'S ALL OVER BUT DE SHOOTIN'! DAT ANTAEUS LUG'S SOFTER DEN LIMBURGER AND JUST AS SMELLY!

HERCULES TOO, THINKS THE CRUEL GIANT HAS BEEN FINISHED BY THE CRASHING FALL AND TURNS FROM COMBAT . .

HEY! LOOKOUT, HERK! HE'S ON HIS FEET AGIN AND COMIN' AT YA!

HULLY GEEZ! DAT ANTAEUS CAME BACK STRONGER DEN BEFORE! HE'S GIVIN' HERK PLENTY TROUBLE!

AGAIN THE MIGHTY HERCULES CRASHES HIS BULKY OPPONENT TO THE GROUND . . .

A THIRD - FOURTH FIFTH AND SIXTH FALL IS SCORED BY HERCULES . . AND EACH TIME ANTAEUS SPRINGS ERECT, OBVIOUSLY STRONGER THAN WHEN SENT CRASHING TO THE GROUND . .

WHAT IN ---? HE'S UP AGAIN!

(GULP) HERK IS WEAKENING! (GROAN) DAT ANTAEUS GITS OFF DE GROUND LIKE SOMEONE GIVE HIM A SHOT IN DE ARM!

SUDDENLY, A WONDERING TOMMY HAS THE SOLUTION TO THE MYSTIFYING SOURCE OF ANTAEUS' RECUPERATIVE POWERS . . .

I SHOULDA THUNK OF DAT SOONER! GOTTA WISE UP HERK BEFORE DAT LUG GOES FOR HIM!

WITH ONE LAST EFFORT, HERCULES AGAIN HOISTS THE GIANT ALOFT . . .

HERCULES, HIS VAST STRENGTH EBBING THROUGH ENDLESS COMBAT, MEETS STILL ANOTHER CHARGE . . .

HO-HO! ANTAEUS IS INVINCIBLE!

GET HIM OFF DE GROUND AND KEEP HIM DERE, HERK! DAT'S DE SECRET!

BY JUPITER! THE YOUTH IS RIGHT! HE GROWS WEAKER WHEN OFF THE GROUND!

ATTA HERK! NOW FINISH HIM OFF IN DE AIR!

SUDDENLY.

YIPPEE! DE GIANT IS FINISHED! HERK GIVE HIM DE OLD TONSIL MASSAGE WHILE IN DE AIR! OOPS! ME CLOCK!

THE NEXT DAY IN SCHOOL . . .

I WUZ WONDERIN' HOW DE EARTH GAVE DE GIANT HIS POWERS, TEACHER!

WELL, THOMAS, I AM HAPPY THE VISIT TO THE MUSEUM IMPRESSED YOU! I SHALL EXPLAIN!

ANTAEUS WAS THE SON OF TERRA, WHO WAS REALLY MOTHER EARTH! THE SON GAINED FRESH STRENGTH AND WAS INVINCIBLE AS LONG AS HE REMAINED IN CONTACT WITH MOTHER TERRA!

GOSH! WHAT A SLICK SET-UP DAT WUZ!

THE END.

GHOST-TOWN GUNMAN

JIM Spurlock rode boldly into the dusty streets of Mesa Gato. But he was not unmindful of the danger that might be lurking behind each 'dobe wall. His alert eyes, from under his low-tilted hat-brim, watched warily.

In front of a store, Mexican sheep-herders and squint-faced Indians loafed in the shade of a cottonwood. At sight of his deputy sheriff's star, they jabbered like magpies.

Jim dismounted in front of the post-office and went in. Juan Romero, the postmaster, was sorting letters. He looked up and smiled.

"*Como 'sta, Senor* Jeem," he greeted cordially. "I had hoped your father, the sheriff, would soon come."

"Dad's busy with a court session," said Jim. "Why, what's wrong here, Juan?"

The old Mexican's face grew grave.

"It is bad, *Senor* Jeem. I hear many things about the locoed *hombre* weeth hees gun and star. There has been robbing and shooting. The people of Mesa Gato are sick weeth fear."

"You mean Bill Brant, the deputy Dad sent here, has been stirring up a lot of trouble?" Jim asked in amazement.

* * * * *

"SI, *Senor* Jeem," assured Juan. "He ot the star—a *malo hombre*. He comes, only at night and few have seen heem. Only last night a man was found shot and robbed. Some think your father's deputy has been killed and an evil spirit guides hees ghost." Juan shrugged his thin shoulders. "But the truth of such things I know not."

Jim pondered what Juan had said.

"Are you sure this fellow is the deputy, Bill Brant?" Jim asked.

"Those who have seen heem." Juan explained, "say he wears the star, a black, high-peaked sombrero weeth a beaded band, and a red and white calfskin vest."

Jim whistled. "Bill Brant's outfit, all right. Why didn't someone follow to where he hides out?"

"This morning," said Juan, "some of the bolder ones followed the tracks of a horse beyond Ojo Frio—the cold spring. From Ojo Frio the trail led toward Tinpan, the town of no people. The trackers grew fearful and came back."

"Thanks, Juan," said Jim. "I'll pay a visit to this ghost-town gunman. If I don't come back in a couple of days, send word to Dad."

* * * * *

IT hurt to realize Bill Brant had turned renegade. He was new in the country, but Jim's father had seen no reason to distrust Brant, who had a knack of enforcing the law without getting under people's skins.

With reports of cattle rustling around Mesa Gato, Sheriff Spurlock had sent Brant to investigate. When he did not return, or send word from the isolated town, Jim was asked to look into the strange situation. Jim was quite a young deputy, but the sheriff had a world of confidence in his tall, nervy son.

Ojo Frio was a water-hole in rocky, brown foot-hills. Hoof-prints of range stock had stamped out all individual signs. By circling at a distance, Jim cut into the trail of a single horse: He recognized the hoof-prints of Brant's roan—a horse owned by Jim's father.

Out of respect for Brant's ability with a gun, Jim threaded his way slowly and cautiously through pinon timber and oak thickets. He fast was reaching higher country where rock ledges and shale slides made trailing difficult.

Finally, the horse tracks cut into an old road. This, Jim knew, led to the abandoned mining town of Tinpan. Jim did not belive in ghosts, but he had heard the tales of Tinpan's dead gunmen who still stalked each other in the deserted streets on moonlit nights. Jim grinned as he realized he would get there about dark, and it would be full moonlight.

The trace of the old road spiralled up the crest of a long ridge to a granite barrier. Here upthrust slabs, like the spine of a prehistoric monster, cut across the ridge. Along the base of this outcropping the one-time residents of Tinpan had gophered for gold.

* * * * *

BEYOND the rock barrier Jim saw a crater-like valley. On its far side were the dozen or so tumble-down buildings of Tinpan. It

was a grim-looking place. Jim could not entirely put out of his mind the stories of ghostly quarrels and battles. Certainly, it was a fit setting for such fantastic "goings-on."

Slowly and alertly, Jim circled around the park under cover of a fringe of spruce. Near the first buildings he tied his horse. Dusk was settling swiftly, although the moon already was edging up behind a ridge. Jim felt certain he had not been seen entering the valley. Still he was disturbed as he regarded the dark outlines of the old buildings. He did not desire to be caught in a trap.

For the first time he considered what he would do if and when he faced Bill Brant. He never had killed a man ,and the possibility of having to shoot the seemingly likeable deputy was not pleasant.

With drawn gun he moved slowly along the shadowed side of the street. Ahead, in the weird light, the old buildings with gaping doors and windows loomed like two rows of weathered skulls.

Jim reasoned the gunman would be camping in one of the old houses. He hoped smoke or firelight would betray the hangout.

* * * * *

A LIGHT breeze stirred, laden with the smell of decayed wood and molded earth. Loose boards flapped and banged. A suspended slab of sheet-iron roofing grated against a wall. Sounds were harsh and magnified in the bleak dead atmosphere of the town.

Suddenly a ripping crash tore at his ear drums. A bullet whined past his head and thudded into the side of a building. Jim flung himself into deeper shadows and crouched, tensely waiting. He could see nothing, and there was no sound except the pounding of his heart. That bullet had been close!

He was well concealed at present, but the rising moon would cut down his area of shadow. He edged along to the front of an old saloon and crawled under the swinging doors. It was musty inside, with moonlight streaming through one small window. There were scurrying sounds, and the repeated thumpings of pack rats beating a warning with their tails.

Jim stood up cautiously—and there, across the room framed in a window, was the dim figure of a man! The two men raised their guns at the same instant, and fired. The crash of the shot was nearly drowned by the noise of shattering glass. Jim groaned. He'd fired at his own image in the bar mirror. And now he had betrayed his location. He peered over the swinging doors, and seeing nothing, slipped outside and around the corner into darkness. He flattened himself against the wall.

He inched forward to change his position. Then, straight ahead, a shadow shifted. He heard the metallic click of a gun being cocked.

"It's Jim, Bill; don't shoot," he said rapidly but distinctly.

* * * * *

ANOTHER shot, the bullet singing past Jim's face. Automatically, he snapped a return shot at the point where he had seen the flash of orange flame. He heard a surprised grunt. A man's body pitched to the ground.

Jim fumbled to light a match. It's flare reflected on a deputy sheriff's star—a star fastened to a red and white calfskin vest. The man's face was pressed into a crumpled black hat with a beaded band!

With shaking fingers, Jim lit another match and saw that his bullet had plowed a furrow across his opponent's scalp. The man was stunned—not badly hurt. Jim rolled him onto his back and handcuffed him. Somewhere he would have to find water to revive the man and dress his wound. He saw, down a side street, what looked like a well curbing, and started toward it.

As he walked past a dark doorway a voice startled him.

"What's the shootin' about, Siler?"

Instantly Jim recognized that voice. It was Brant's.

"Bill!" he cried. "What . . ."

* * * * *

"I THOUGHT you were Siler," Brant said. "I'm locked up here in Tinpan's calaboose. There's a timber wedged against the door."

"Who's Siler?" Jim asked. "I just creased a gent dressed in your outfit."

"That's him—Snake Siler," said Brant, "the rustler I was sent after. He got the drop on me, locked me up, and traded clothes. Said he would've bumped me off, only he was afraid of ghosts and wanted me for company. Start a fire in that old fireplace and give us a light."

Jim lit some kindling and lifted the timber that held the door.

"Let's bind up this Siler's head," said Jim, "and then rustle some grub."

"There's a hotel across the street." Brant grinned. "Or shall we take pot-luck?"

THE END

The YOUNG ALLIES

THE DEADLY SHADOW OF THE "SHIV," RUTHLESS MASTER OF THE ART OF MURDER, EXPERT WITH THE DEADLY, GLITTERING WEAPON THAT GAVE HIM HIS NAME, FALLS UPON THE YOUNG ALLIES, DOING THEIR ALL FOR THE WAR EFFORT--

IN

The MYSTERY of the SACKS of DEATH!

OUR STORY OPENS AS WE FIND THE YOUNG ALLIES WALKING DOWN THE STREET WHEN SUDDENLY.....

SAY, LOOK! THE POSTER GIVES ME AN IDEA! LET'S COLLECT SCRAP PAPER!

SWELL! AND WE'LL BE HELPING THE WAR EFFORT!

SCRAP IS AMMUNITION SAVE WASTE PAPER

SOMETIME LATER, THE QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD IS SHATTERED BY THE RINGING OF DOOR BELLS AND THE APPEAL OF SIX YOUTHFUL VOICES! AND THE PATRIOTIC PEOPLE HURRY TO DO THEIR SHARE!

THANK YOU, M'AM... PAPER IS AMMUNITION YOU KNOW!

BOY... THIS IS HEAVY!

MUST WEIGH ABOUT A TON!

UH-H! HEAVE! WHEW! CERTAINLY IS HEAVY!

FEELS LIKE BOOKS IN 'EM, DAT'S WHY!

HEY, LOOK... WHITE-WASH AND TORO HAVE GOT SOMETHING!

HEY, FELLAS... GIVE US A HAND WITH THESE SACKS!

THEN AS THE BOYS WITH CART OVER FLOWING RUMBLE DOWN THE STREET.... A SHARP VOICE RINGS OUT....

HOLD IT YOU BRATS! NOW, STEP INTO THIS ALLEY! QUICK!

WHAT THE..?

YOU KIDS ARE OUT OF LINE! THOSE SACKS BELONG TO US! OK, BOYS, START LOADING THOSE SACKS IN OUR CAR!

OH, NO YOU DON'T! WE COLLECTED IT AND WE'RE GOING TO KEEP IT!

CLOSE YOUR MOUTH! BRAT! YOUFF!

YOU CAN'T PUSH BUCKY AROUND!

LOOK OUT, KNUCKLES! HE'S GOT A KNIFE!

BUT THE OTHER ALLIES TAKE A HAND IN THE FIGHT...

YAHOO! HERE COME REINFORCEMENTS!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM, TELL JEFF TO TAKE THOSE SACKS OUT OF HERE!

EEAAHGH!

HEY! WATCH OUT! I'M ON YOUR SIDE!

...AND WHILE TORO ENGAGES THE THUGS THE OTHERS ESCAPE WITH THE SACKS...

GOSH! YOU'RE RIGHT!

YOU SHOULD'VE TRAILED THEM, TORO! THERE'S SOMETHING PHONEY ABOUT THEIR PULLING GUNS AND KNIVES OVER A LOAD OF SALVAGE PAPER!

LATER... BACK AT THE CLUB HOUSE .....

SENTINELS OF L ERT

SUDDENLY...

HEY! THIS END IS LEAKING! (GULP) ...IT... IT... IT'S...

YEOWWW! IT'S BLOOD!

THE BLOODY SACK IS HASTILY EXAMINED...

GULP! A DEAD BODY WITH IT'S THROAT CUT!

AND BOOKS ON TOP OF THE SACK TO HIDE IT!

WITH THE GRUESOME DISCOVERY, KNUCKLES REMEMBERS THE OTHER SACK!

GOSH!

DE'RE DE SAME SIZE! I GOT ME A HUNCH DE'RE'S MORE DEN ONE STIFF!

EXAMINATION OF THE OTHER SACK, YIELDS ANOTHER DEAD BODY! AND IT IS JEFF NOW, WHO DEDUCES A STARTLING FACT, FROM EXAMINATION OF THE SECOND CORPSE!

THIS ONE WAS TORTURED BEFORE HIS THROAT WAS CUT! HIS BODY IS COVERED WITH WELTS FROM A WHIP AND WITH BURNS!

CONJECTURE AND WILD THEORIES FLY AS THE BOYS HUDDLE EXCITEDLY!

GANG WAR! DAT'S WHAT!

NAW! SABOTEURS!

A MANIAC KILLER!

HMMM...

AH THINKS THE POLICE SHOULD BE TOLD!

RIGHT! I'LL CALL THEM!

NO... WAIT!

WE CAN ALWAYS CALL IN THE POLICE AFTER WE FAILED! WE STARTED THIS AND OUGHTA FINISH IT! MY PLAN IS DANGEROUS! IT'S UP TO YOU, FELLAS! LISTEN....

THE REST OF THE YOUNG ALLIES, THEIR LOVE OF EXCITEMENT BURNING WITH ANGER AT THE BRUTAL KILLINGS, QUICKLY FALL IN WITH BUCKY'S PLAN! AND SO, LATE THAT NIGHT, ON THE SAME STREET WHERE THE TWO BODIES WERE PICKED UP!

HERE WE ARE!

SURE LOOKS LIKE BUCKY'S PLAN FAILED!

YEP! IF THE KILLERS WERE AROUND, THEY'D JUMPED US LONG BEFORE NOW!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT IN THE WINDOW OF THE DARKENED HOUSE...

SOMETHIN' WRONG, SHIV! WHAT MADE THOSE KIDS BRING 'EM BACK?

I DON'T KNOW! CAN'T FIGURE THEIR ANGLE!

THEY MAYBE WORKING WITH THE COPS!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! TRAIL 'EM! IF NO COPPERS SHOW, BRING 'EM IN! I'LL HAVE THE BOYS CARRY IN THE SACKS!

HERE THEY ARE, SHIV! WE ONLY GOT THREE...! SEEMS THEY SEPARATED AND I COULD ONLY GET THESE THREE!

FUNNY! AND NOT A SIGN OF THE COPS! WE WEREN'T BOTHERED EITHER WHEN CARRYING IN THE BODIES!

SAY! THAT **STUFF** ON THE TABLE! HOLY COW! **RATION BOOKS**! YOU MURDERING RATS ARE COUNTER-FEITING FOOD AND GAS COUPONS!

RIGHT! AND A PRETTY SET UP BEFORE YOU BRATS BUTTED IN!

YOU KNOW OF COURSE WHAT WAS IN THOSE SACKS YOU BROUGHT BACK?

YES! TWO BODIES WITH THEIR THROATS SLIT! AND PROBABLY WITH THAT VERY KNIFE YOU'RE HOLDING!

RIGHT! ONE WAS A F.B.I. MAN WHO TALKED ONE OF MY MEN INTO GETTING INTO MY ORGANIZATION! THEY PAID FOR THEIR MISTAKE! HA! HA! JUST AS **YOU'RE** GOING TO PAY FOR YOURS!

ONE OF THE SHIV'S HENCHMEN, NERVOUSLY REMEMBERS SOMETHING!

THERE WERE SIX KIDS! WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE OTHER THREE?

YOU'RE RIGHT! I'LL MAKE THESE BRATS TELL WHERE THEY ARE!

THE SHIV'S THREAT IS ANSWERED BY A FLAMING APPARITION THAT BURNS OUT OF ONE SACK, WHILE BUCKY AND KNUCKLES SLASH THEIR WAY OUT OF THE OTHER!

WHERE ARE YOUR PALS? SPEAK UP OR I'LL...**YEOWW!**

SURPRISE! HERE WE ARE!

YAHOOO!

WITH THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IN THEIR FAVOR, THE ALLIES EXPLODE A DEVASTATING ATTACK!

MAKE IT SHORT AND SWEET, FELLAS!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS, RAT?

HEY! SAVE SOME FOR US..!

TORO SOON TAKES ALL THE FIGHT OUT OF THE SHIV AND HIS GANG!

WE SURRENDER!

OK, WORMS, THROW YOUR GUNS AWAY!

LATER AT THE POLICE STATION...

WE PERSUADED THE SHIV TO MAKE A FULL CONFESSION!

YEAH! LOOKS LIKE THE SHIV FINALLY FOUND OUT THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY!

YEP, BOYS, AND HE CAN THANK YOU BOYS FOR HIS LESSON!

HA, HA, THANKS CAPTAIN! WE TRIED OUR BEST!

THE END

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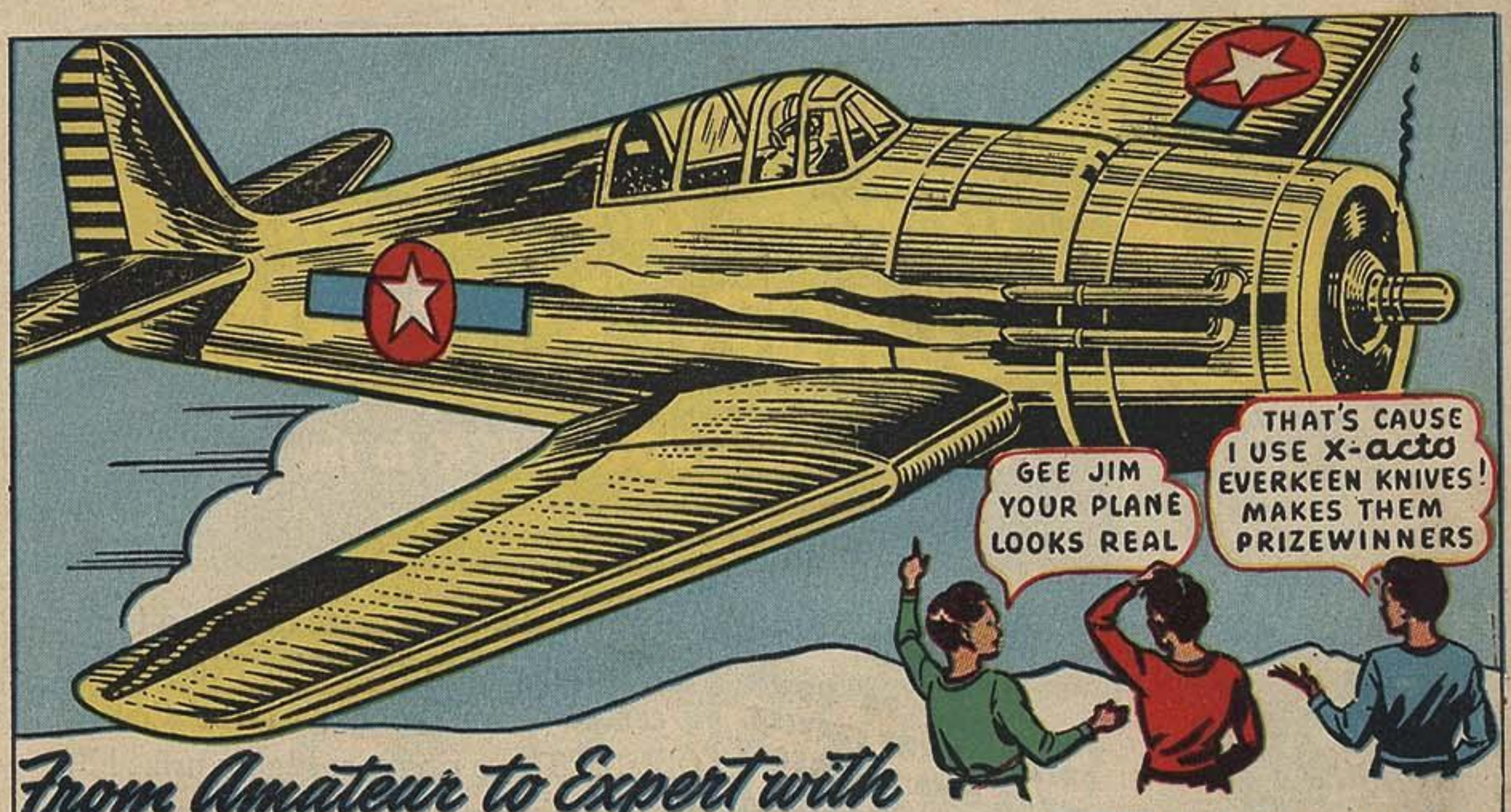

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